

MAGAZINE



... we're very handy!

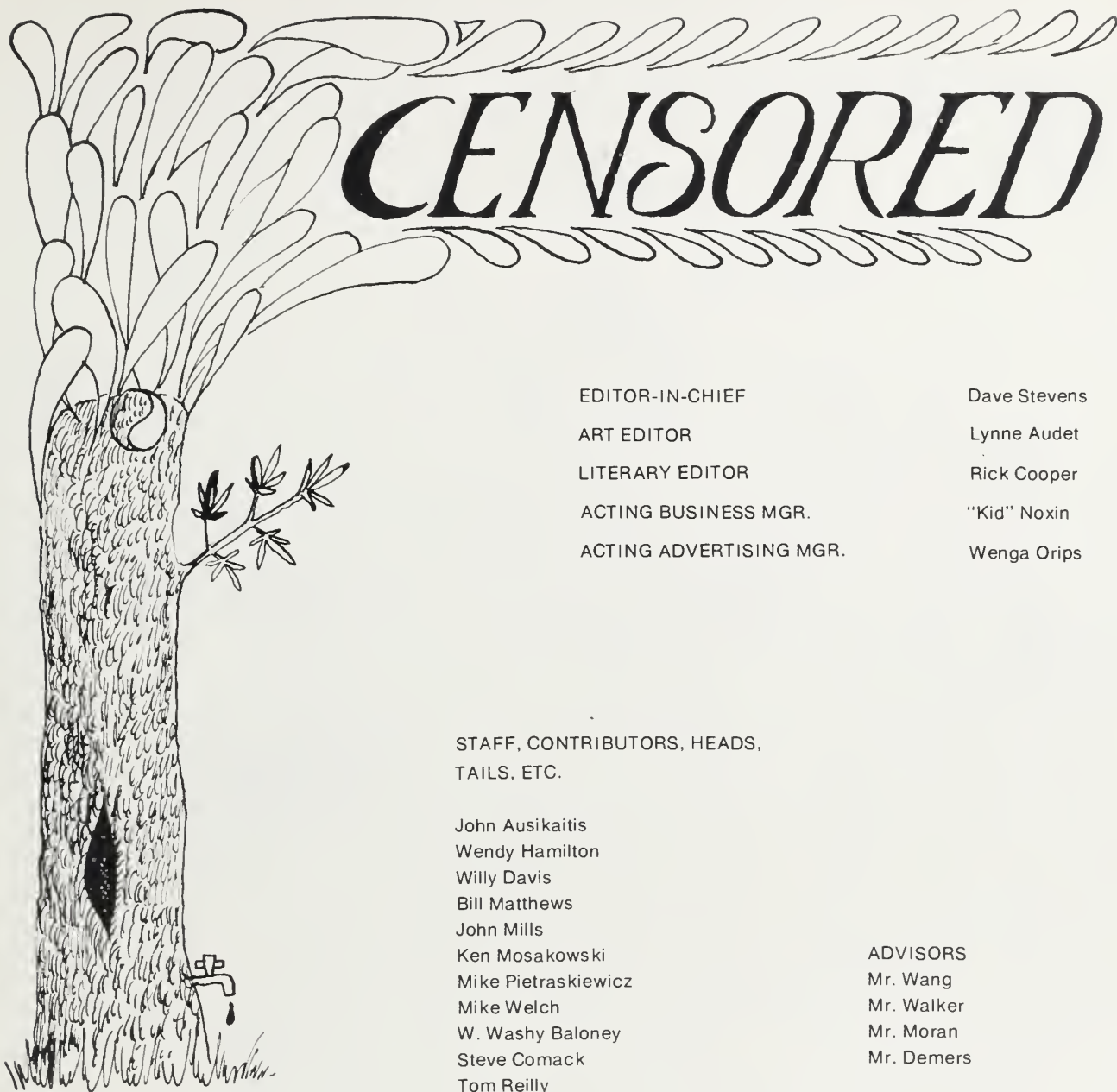
       

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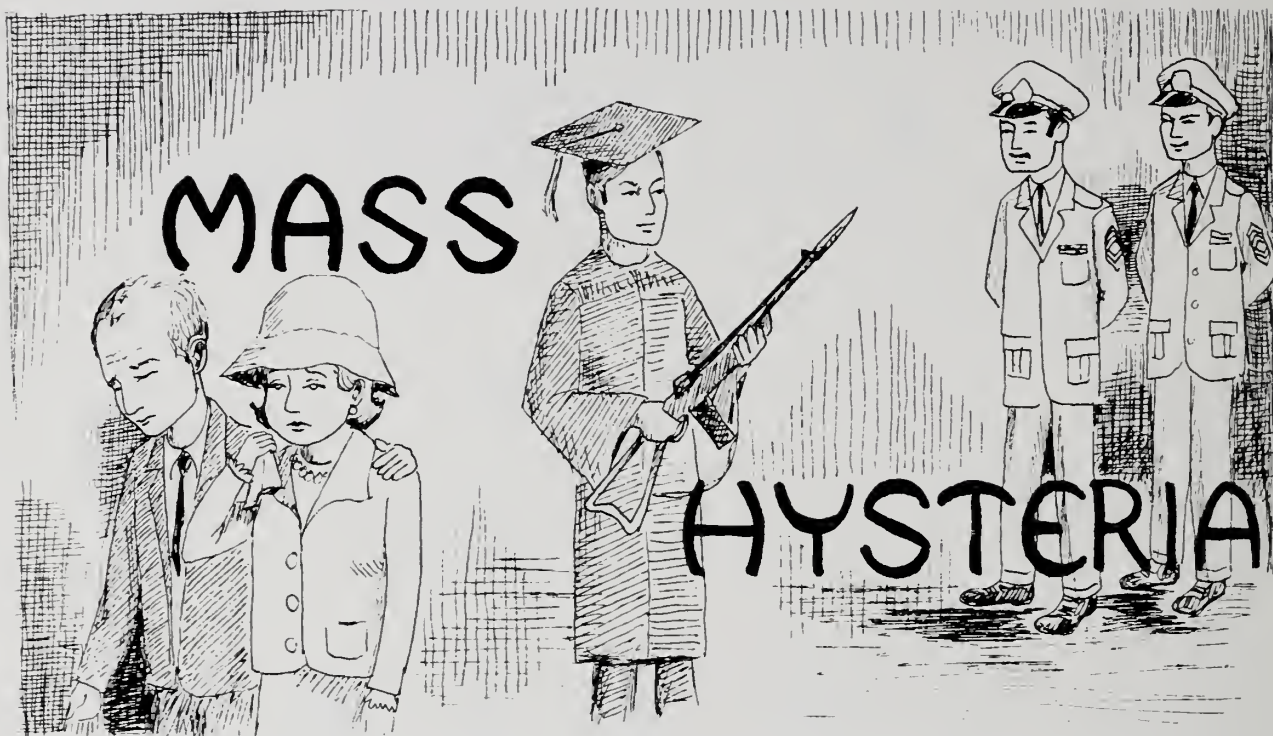
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This still unmentionable magazine is the one and only humor magazine of the University of Mass., published erratically, twice in the academic year 1968-69, by members of the student organization which may not be called Yahoo. The administration is in no way responsible for its ridiculous content, despite their efforts. Fan mail and thousands of great contributions should be sent to RSO Box 106, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass., 01002. Peace on you all. © 1968, the Editors



Student unrest has finally come to the Pioneer Valley, rapidly followed by an invasion of the State Police and an uptight administration. Again the accusation of Communist inspiration echoes among ivy walls and the C.I.A. attends classes to insure the interests of democracy.

But the problem does not lie in Communist infiltration, inspiration, instigation or organization. The real fault must focus once again on that most general of scapegoats, the American parent. The well-concealed plan of the lower classes to overthrow the American hierarchy could be the most subtle revolution in history. The great majority of today's middle class evolved from the lower class of the 1920's. These underprivileged, misguided people spent their lives acquiring enough money to put their children into the university, placing them in a position of potential power — perhaps enough to overthrow the establishment that oppressed their parents. These students have been put in a position to strike back at the corporation-industrial complex that built the capitalistic system, and our country, using their parents as factory employees.

Of course not all university students are working toward the destruction of the state. Some have ignored the call to wreak their parents' vengeance on the industrial system, in the hope that they can successfully use their university degrees as a springboard to success *within* the establishment. These loyal students rationalize their own pride and greed by leading themselves to believe that their parents will be gratified by their success.

They have not yet realized that their dreams of success will go unfulfilled.

The first-generation college student will find that very shortly business will be flooded with B.A.'s and B.S.'s, status for the degree will rapidly drop, and he will find himself right back where his parents started so many years ago — at the bottom of the system looking up a long dark shaft. Aware activists realize that *now* is the time to seize power, while the rank of the college student still retains aspects of respectability. They are driven by the festering hate of their revengeful parents.

If our government is to survive it must take action against these rebels. **The revolution they propose to effect would destroy the capitalistic system and replace it with a socialist hell where virtually everyone would be assured of a respectable life regardless of the salary they are capable of earning.** Sporadic insurrections must be immediately squelched by any means necessary. These dissident students must be destroyed before they destroy the way of life for which America stands.

But we must not stop there. As I said above, the root of the problem lies in parental discontent and here is where the spark must be extinguished. Educators have said for years that parents are probably the persons least capable of raising children. The state should take over this difficult task to insure national security and provide the best education possible for people who show aptitude in areas that will benefit the national interest. **Newborn infants should become the property of the state.** In this way

all difficulty with militant youth could be successfully avoided. Until such time as a person becomes responsibly mature at age 21, or perhaps 25, he can develop under the guiding hand of competent, state-hired teachers. And until this time the state could guide students to study in areas where they show exceptional aptitude. America could carefully mold a great nation from the resource of its youth. Such problems as draft evasion would become non-existent. Loyalty to the United States could be encouraged in classrooms where children would learn of the great heritage to which they have become heirs. Full rights of citizenship would be granted to persons showing competence to live by the democratic system upon which our government grows.

This is the only way that internal dissent can be eradicated as a threat to the security of our country. If America is to survive and protect herself from the ever-present hostile forces abroad, e.g. the U.S.S.R., Red China, North Vietnam, Cuba, Morocco, Egypt, Iberia, Gibraltar, Peru and Chile, she must first insure internal security and strength. The youth of our nation should not be concerned with pointless, abstract questions of right and wrong, but only with the concrete reality of the survival of America. ■





LONG LIVE
THE KING!

The King And Us

Once upon a time there lived a King who seemingly held great power over his Kingdom, which included a great and plentiful number of inhabitants. And this King lived in a castle, as was his wont; and from this castle, he issued his orders. Most of the peasants (for they called themselves such) followed the King's will; but yea there came hard times, and many of the peasants were called to fight in a Great War against a distant and remote Enemy. But this was not an enemy of the King, for he had but little interest therein. It was, rather, an undefinable enemy; and the fault

lay not with the King, for the peasants were called by a greater force from without the Kingdom.

But the peasants grew restless, and lived in fear, for the King could not protect them against this force from without; and yea there came a time when the peasants were, indeed, restless and fearful, and such among them as were bold in deed and sharp in tongue, although not in thought, gave word that the King was to blame. And they gathered unto them such as were willing to listen, although not necessarily to think, and

went unto the Great Castle, and sat therein, for they had naught else to do, and wished that the King would bless them and make them gods unto the peasants, who had none.

But those who were bold in deed and sharp in tongue brought fear to the Castle and irked the King, for he feared lest they do violence to the Great Castle; and also, for they had not asked of him what they desired, but rather demanded, as was not the custom approved by the more powerful representatives of the peasants. And the King called upon an outside force to dispel them, for the Castle Guards were too few in number, and untrained. And this force could not be controlled, not even by the King, to his dismay, and did cruelly treat the misguided peasants, and did beget them sympathy. And more became bold in deed and sharp in tongue, and did abuse the name of the King, and still believed that he was the power within.

But the King was not to blame; for the wiser peasants, gentle in deed but quick in thought, laid bare the source of such evils as afflicted the peasants. They found that the King himself was subject to the wishes of a body of Overlords, whose decisions bound the King unto them. And, yea, they discovered that these Overlords themselves were controlled by great and powerful Despots, who laid down the laws of the Kingdom, as well as the Country, and who had power enough to destroy the Kingdom, for they controlled the Treasury from which the Kingdom received its wealth. And these wiser peasants spread the Word: and after many years, the Great Despots were overthrown by the populace, who had learned the truth, and the King was given freedom to rule with his advisors; and yea, he was a good King. ■



WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING?

—The Great Yushnik

Benny was a poor man, so he had no compunctions about searching the dump for serviceable items. One day, when he was down in the dumps, he came across an old lamp that bore signs of long neglect. He began to brush away the dirt and dust, but as he did so, the lamp emitted a loud belch and a genie appeared. Benny was sure he'd heard this joke somewhere before, but he could take a joke. The genie, who was in a typically inscrutable mood, simply smiled and said, "You have one wish, O holder of the magic lamp." Benny had hoped for three, but one was better than none. And besides, he could take a joke. "Groovy," said Benny, who was at a loss for the appropriate way to address a genie. "But," the genie went on, "there is one minor condition you must meet. If I grant your wish, you must let your beard grow and never shave it. If you do, you will be instantly imprisoned in an urn." Not shaving was a paltry price to pay for the wish that Benny had slyly thought up. He explained that he wanted a huge three-story hotel at Miami Beach, with a huge swimming pool, and dozens (scores?) of beautiful women.

"Easily done," said the genie. "But remember, if you shave, you will be imprisoned in the urn." "So awright awready, I won't," replied Benny, already envisioning his palmy paradise. "Poof," went the genie, and Benny was there. At first, Benny was happy, but as years passed, his beard became longer and longer until it not only turned off his harem, but got in the way as well. One morning he awoke in a particularly frustrated mood and said, "Hell! That genie will never know whether I shave or not, so here goes . . ." But no sooner had he finished shaving than the genie appeared. With a poof and a flash of smoke Benny was imprisoned in an urn. Flying away into the East, the genie shook his head in pity and said, "Ah, well — a Benny shaved is a Benny urned."

* * *



Portrait Of A Lady

Tease these:

Blanched stippled tips

Shaped nape

False fall-fillet chignon

Biased BANG

ssss.

Leering sheer bawdy stocking's

Hemi-demi-semi-quiver?

Nay. Racy lace

Boudoir burles-queen dream bra's

Plunging POW prow

(Phony fiber-fill swell).

Sylphish thigh size, tummy trim

(mighty Lycra rose) yet

Chaste wee waist

Rounding roguish down to

Naughty butt—

Nice!

Black-capped patent tap toe,

Wicked kicky wacky whee heels

Stacked back,

Zipper slip-shank

Half-a-league half-a-league half-a-league

Boot.



—Linda Helgason



EVIL IS IN THE MIND OF THE BEHOLDER

Some Proposals of Methods for Strengthening the American Nation Including a Strategy to End The Current War in Vietnam

As each day passes, I feel that I am given stronger reason to inquire about what is becoming of this nation, which I consider the most promising land in the world — a nation of courage and unflinching will, a nation of sturdy moral fiber, a nation dedicated to the betterment of humanity, a nation unified in its desire to aid the cause of freedom. For I am appalled when I learn of some of the absurd, depraved proposals which a number of my countrymen are voicing in order to end our present conflict in Vietnam. Surely these vile, inhuman creatures do not represent the America in which I place my faith, the America whose flag I salute with pride — THE TRUE AMERICA.

For these callous individuals, if they had their way, would order IMMEDIATE CESSATION of all bombing of North Vietnam by American troops. Furthermore, I am certain that these reprehensible creatures, with all clear conscience, would not hesitate to order the WITHDRAWAL of all active American military forces in Vietnam, leaving the war-ravaged South Vietnamese almost totally defenseless against the North Vietnamese and Vietcong, who would thereupon swoop down and turn South Vietnam into a Communist stronghold. Thus, the United States would suffer a major defeat in her endless struggle to achieve ETERNAL LIBERTY for the Communist-threatened peoples of the world.

Beyond any doubt I place myself in the forefront of those who would like to end the war with all possible expedience. For, as we fight so diligently in Vietnam, we tend to overlook the many OTHER areas of the world where our military support may be of

help to the oppressed: in Cuba, in Israel, in Korea, in Argentina, in South Arabia, in Mexico, in British Anguilla, in Chicago, to name but a few. However, rather than avoiding further conflict with the Vietnamese Communists by WITHDRAWING our half-million troops, like so many puppy-dogs with tails between their legs, I would instead move toward ERADICATING the foe in one decisive, hard-hitting campaign. This offensive would be twofold in nature: the first phase being the complete destruction of Hanoi through continuous napalm bombardment by air and TNT bombardment by sea; and the second phase being a massive invasion of North Vietnam by specially selected guerrilla troops.

Although I realize that the magnitude of such an invasion would require the recruitment of perhaps a MILLION additional troops, I am assured that the total manpower reserve of the United States need hardly be exhausted. For there are in the South, I understand, a number well exceeding a million Negro males eligible for military duty, who have not yet committed themselves in the service of our country. The advantages of drafting the necessary portion of these Negroes and training them specifically to serve as an invasion force into North Vietnam, should not be overlooked.

First, the Negroes living in the South, particularly those in the Gulf states, are already well adapted to a hot, humid climate similar to that of Southeast Asia. Thus, their fighting abilities even in the jungle areas of Vietnam would be minimally impaired by heat, swamps, or numerous species of buzzing insects.

(Continued on page 20)

Written by

Chauvin S. Bircher





FRUBBERMUCKY

'Twas sprillib, and the umie bobs
Did long to sraggle by the clot:
All frisby were the dormacobs,
And the soropins were hot.

"Beware the Frubbermuck, mate rume!
The mosh that slurps, the glops that flatch!
Beware the Grublub mire, and frune
The boggial Plishasplash!"

He put his glosy sneaks in place:
Toward Barkal Hall he sludged and trod—
But stopped before the gliglop dreeg,
And contemplated where to plod.

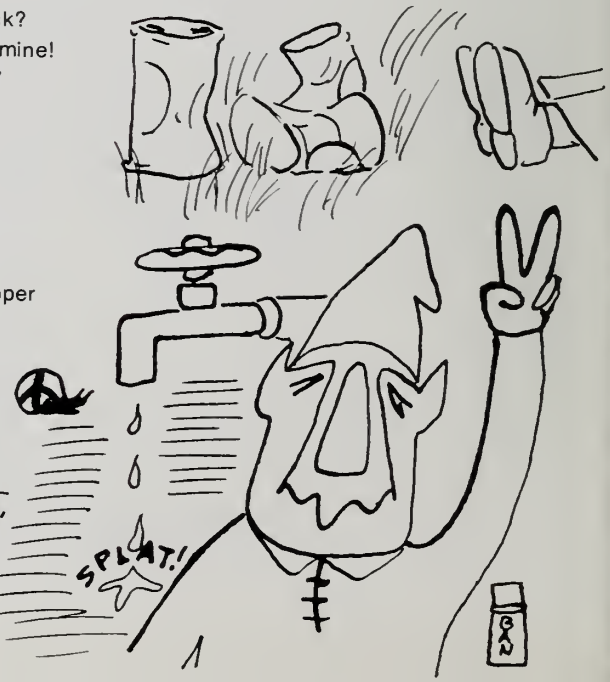
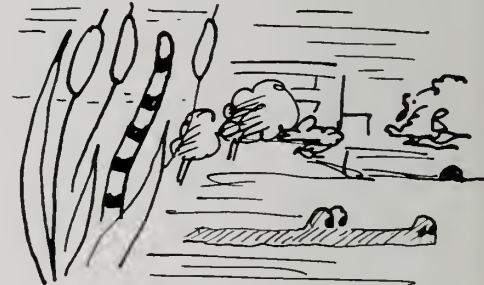
And, as he stood in murky creek,
The Frubbermuck, with plosy gaze,
Came trinkling through his sneaks and feet,
And blurbled as it raised.

Smack, slosh! Smack, slosh! And on and off
The rooto-rote went slurping sly!
He left it dry and green and spring
For co-ed sragglers to try.

"And hast thou drained the Frubbermuck?
Let's head for the clot, mate rume of mine!
The she-pins wait! Ya-hoo! How great!"
And he gave a familiar sign.

'Twas sprillib and the umie bobs
Did long to sraggle by the gade:
All frisby were the dormacobs,
And the soropins were lade.

—Rick Cooper



A FOCUS ON

THE

AMERICAN HUNTER



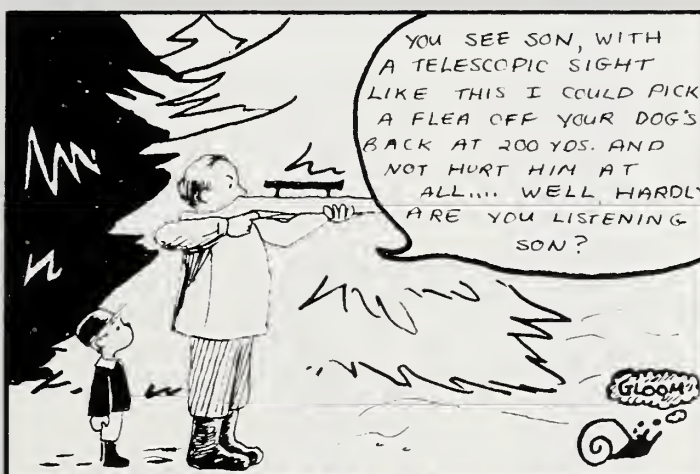
IT'S STILL DARK AS OUR EAGER SPORTSMEN RISE AND MAKE READY TO LEAVE THEIR QUAIN, RUSTIC MOUNTAIN RESORT. THEY LL SOON EAT BREAKFAST AND LOAD THE CAR FOR THEIR EXCITING ADVENTURE.



SO WHERE IS THIS PLACE ALREADY? WE'VE BEEN DRIVING FOR TEN MINUTES NOW!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! YOU'LL HAVE A KILL IN YOUR SIGHTS IN FIVE MINUTES!

THESE MEN ARE SO EXCITED OVER THE GLORY OF THE COMING HUNT THEY HARDLY NOTICE AS THE MILES FLY BY.



YOU SEE SON, WITH A TELESCOPIC SIGHT LIKE THIS I COULD PICK A FLEA OFF YOUR DOG'S BACK AT 200 YDS. AND NOT HURT HIM AT ALL... WELL HARDLY ARE YOU LISTENING SON?

HERE THE BOY LEARNS OF THE GREAT CHALLENGE INVOLVED IN HUNTING WHILE LEARNING OF THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT.



NOW BOY, I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT THE BEAUTY OF THAT ANIMAL BEFORE I KILL IT. THAT DEER IS A WORK OF ART.

THE HUNTER IS NOW POINTING OUT THE BEAUTY OF NATURE TO THE BOY. HUNTERS APPRECIATE NATURE. NATURE GIVES THEM THINGS TO KILL.



WHATSAMATTER WITH THE KID?

HUH? I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS ALL THE EXCITEMENT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

AFTER THE HUNT THE KILL IS MADE READY TO BE BROUGHT HOME. ANOTHER DAY OF SPORTSMANSHIP DRAWS TO A CLOSE. THE BRAVE HUNTERS HEAD HOMEWARD.



ONCE A VIRGIN WAS

Particular she said, oh it must be a particular kind of person who could run featureless to a banquet of newspaper men. Yes, I said and haven't you found those teflon eye-drops yet. Ahh, ahh, she said, and wasn't that the funniest charlotte russe to ever come sliding in a paper box. My lips are still sweet I said.

Her buckled cowhinds snapped from the couch and missed the big quilted bed, landing in an umbrella jug. Her nylons went into the thick spaghetti soup. A slight ring of elastic, a maddening smack smack, her fluffy cups winged off, tumbling and bouncing, curling and tangling, faflopping to a vase of bunched sunflowers.

Well, I said, well. Don't think so much she said, it will only hurt in the linted places. But, I said, but. There has to be a first she said and anyways what if the chance had never come and you were still out pinching bathtub drains. Yeah, I said, yeah. Yeah, she said.

Her leopard skinned panties touched the floor with a crash and she whipped her head, the black hair streaming in dark shimmers.

After three tries I lit a camel, dropping the match into a full glass of rose'. The tobacco burning in shirrs. The air seeming so hot. The ashtray already full of my smokes. My toes saying yes yes yes. Tucking my cowboy jacket tight and pulling at my pantlegs. You stupid stupid pants, you're too tight. Next time it'll be farmer's overalls. Sensations exploding at the base, bulging, nearly

busting. Quick where's the bathroom. Ohh, I knew it, I knew it. Get off, shut those open doors, and the lights, the mothballed lights.

Her hands trailing underneath and grabbing and tugging and her saying gimme, come on. And me saying but mommie tole me to never do that for no one. And her jumping up and running away and coming back and spraying lighter fluid and throwing a match. And me screaming fire fire, help me get these pants off before they burn me all to hell. And her helping just fine till I was blue naked with a boing, boing, and vewap, vewap. And me saying secret places don't stay secret long, you mean woman you.

The covers pulled back, the blankets bundled at the end post, a big wide warm, and she says, whispers even, get in, come to me. And I say but the pillows are yellow and they look all lumpy and I can't stand yellow lumpy pillows. Oh kitchen karate she says, turn off the night light and get in here. Oh broken bologna I say, mama always let me keep the light on so's I wouldn't get frightened. O holy hamhocks she says, and swings around with a good right crashing the light to the hard wood floor. Oh simpering sausage I say, this is so so scary. Oh petrified penis she says, catching my arm and pulling me in tight against her. Oh wicked woman I say, arching her back under my hands, oh wicked woman, touching her lips with my tongue, oh wicked woman.

What is that I say. You know she says. Must be kidding me I say. No she says. Really I say. Of course she says.

Subterranean delights. Cavernous magic. Mountains deep with valleys. Swarming sweat and thighs and hands and fingers. Breaths heavy. The world vanishing. A woman, a man, going, gone. ■

— Stephen S. Comack



VANITY

1969 PLATES

Specially Designed for:

MICKEY

- Student Senate

GEE - I

- Hubert Humphrey

SHAZAM

- Yahoo

SCRU

- Fraternity

ME ME ME

- Richard Nixon

HELL - NO

- Hippie

KILL

- Hershey

NO

- Trustees

OOPS

- Spiro Agnew

F*CK

- Priscilla Goodbody





HEY I JUST GOT
A LETTER FROM MY
OLD BOSS AND HE
SAYS I CAN HAVE
MY OLD JOB BACK
WHEN I GET OUT

YEAH? I JUST GOT
ONE FROM MAYOR DALEY
ASKING ME TO JOIN THE
CHICAGO POLICE FORCE!

DAMN THIS
CAMPUS MUD!



In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And many ages passed unto the Lord, when in the twentieth century of His omnipotence. He cast His glance upon the earth and saw that all was not good.

And God said, "Let there be a man to deliver Mine creations from their oppressors."

And thus the Lord summoned Brian, son of Epstein, to the summit of the Huge Ben and spoke to him thereupon: "The earth mourneth and is silent in the midst of its oppressors. Get thee down into Liverpool and seek there sturdy lads fourfold who may bear My labours."

And Brian understood the Lord and spoke unto Him in wonder, "My flesh trembleth at Thy voice (and a mighty clap of thunder did follow fast on his words) but, yea, I shall find the courage to do Thy bidding."

And so Brian, son of Epstein, went down courageously into Liverpool to do the Lord's bidding, and did travel for many days through the city. Brian was joyous and relieved that he was God's messenger, for verily he had heard and seen such things that would have angered the Lord, had He come Himself.

And after many days of wandering, Brian, son of Epstein, came upon four young lads of combed hair and soothing tones, and did summon them to his side. And thus Brian and his young lads ventured to the summit of the Huge Ben to await the Lord's judgment.

And the Lord did hear Brian's pleas and cast His glance upon the four young lads of combed hair and sooth-



ing tones. And He did smite them with such blows about their heads that they were rendered quite dead.

And Brian understood the Lord and spoke unto Him in awe, "My heart quaketh at Thy wrath (and a blinding streak of lightning did follow fast on his words) but, yea, I will continue my quest."

And thus Brian, son of Epstein, went down once again unto Liverpool to do the Lord's bidding. And he wan-

dered for many a day and long night without just recompense. And Brian became forlorn and downcast and at the verge of self-destruction. Whence, from the seeming void, four sturdy lads of whiffled hair and not unpleasant tones came forth and offered themselves unto Brian. And thus Brian and his four young lads ventured to the summit of the Huge Ben to await the Lord's judgment.

And the Lord did hear Brian's pleas and cast His glance upon the four young lads of whiffled hair and not unpleasant tones. And God did look hard upon the one of bulboused nose, and upon the one of horse-like jaw. And the Lord's stare did not overlook the one of drooped eyes and the one of sharpened tongue.

And the Lord saw that it was good and said unto the four sturdy lads, "Henceforth thou shalt leave thy locks unshorn. Thou shalt play upon these instruments and thou shalt move and sing in such a manner as to cause thy followers to swoon and forget their names. Thou shalt travel the breadth and length of Mine earth and thou shalt convert People with thy tunes."

And the Lord in His greatness saw
(Continued on page 25)

Girls:

Find out the truth before you commit yourself.
Send this form to prospective mates.



DATE QUESTIONNAIRE FORM

NAME _____ Sent by _____
Home Address _____ Nickname _____
School Address _____ Phone _____
Statistical Data (all to be answered): _____ Phone _____

Height _____ Color of Hair _____ Birthday _____
Weight _____ Complexion _____ Draft Status _____
Age _____ Color of Eyes (r) _____ (l) _____
What type of woman do you like? (Check yours; if schizophrenic, check each)
Beautiful but Dumb _____ Mother Type _____ Satisfying _____
Eager to Please _____ Sexy _____ Sophisticated _____
Other: _____

What do you expect on a date? (answer yes or no and briefly explain)
Sex _____ Mental Companionship _____
Intellectual Satisfaction _____ Affection _____
Physical Retribution _____ Other: _____
Please state the one question, above all others, you have often had an urge to ask of your date (be honest): _____
Are you (answer yes or no):

Friendly? _____ Talkative? _____ Too Friendly? _____
Self-centered? _____ Dogmatic? _____ Heart-breaker? _____

Were you ever a Boy Scout? _____ For what? _____
At any rate, are you prepared? _____

General questions: (all to be answered; be at least semi-honest)
When a girl says "no", do you think:

She means NO _____ She's just stalling _____
She means YES _____ She doesn't know what she's saying _____

Do you believe in the supremacy of woman? _____ Can you be educated? _____
Do you feel experience is the best teacher? _____

What has it taught you? _____
How much do you tell your friends after a date? _____

Do you exaggerate? _____ How much? _____
Do you have a line? _____ Has it been effective? _____

Do you expect your date to fall for it? _____ Whom do you quote most? _____
How are you fixed for blades? _____

Would you admit it if your intentions weren't honorable? _____ Are they? _____
Do you like to travel? _____ If so, will you take me with you? _____

What's your ambition? _____ How often? _____
Are you a dreamer? _____ About food? _____ Faroff places? _____ Anything else? _____

Do you object to Bermudas? _____ Jeans? _____
Do you like argyles? _____ Size: _____ Design: _____

What was your last blind date like? _____
Who fixed you up? _____

PRISCILLA GOODBODY
WHERE ARE YOU?

GOOD
GRIEF!

Do you scratch like a chicken? _____ Or ask like a man? _____

Do you dance? _____ How well? _____

How far in advance do you call for a date? _____ Are you ever on time? _____

Do you have a car? _____ Year: _____ Make: _____ Model: _____

Color: _____ Dented Fenders: _____ Big back seats: _____ Can I drive it? _____

Have you ever broken a date to go out with someone else? _____

Would you expect me to break a date to go out with you? _____

Do you expect me to use indelible lipstick? _____

If not, do you carry Kleenex? _____ A handkerchief? _____

Would you vote for a woman President? _____ Why not? _____

Are you in a position to get serious? _____ How serious? _____

Would you marry for money? _____ How much? _____

How many kids do you want? _____ Boys: _____ Girls: _____

Do you drink? _____ Seldom? _____ Frequently? _____ AA? _____

Do you keep secrets from your dates? _____ Such as? _____

Are you impatient? _____ Frustrated? _____ About what? _____

Is there anything I can do? _____ Do you think I would? _____ When? _____

Why do you date: (other than sex) _____ Why? _____ How much older? _____

Do you date older women? _____ In what? _____ How often? _____

Do you indulge? _____

Do you ever insist on going Dutch treat? _____

Is your chest measurement expanded over 36"? _____ If so, are you dangerous? _____

What do you want from a date? _____ What do you expect? _____

What will you settle for? _____ What do you usually get? _____

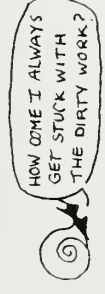
When bringing a date home, do you: _____

Raid the icebox? _____ Check to see if anyone else is home? _____

Are you opposed to chaperones? _____ Do you need a chaperone? _____

Do you expect a kiss on your first date? _____ Are you easily discouraged? _____

Where do you take a girl on the first date? _____ Second date? _____ After that? _____



ESSAY QUESTIONS:

What is your conception of the ideal girl?

Write a brief but comprehensive story of your life and loves.

I swear that I have never been affiliated with any Communist organization, underworld gang, nor have I at any time ever attempted to demoralize or unduly influence any member of the female sex.

I further attest that all the above information is correct to the best of my ability, and any mistakes, errors, or misleading statements of facts are wholly mine.

Signature _____

List two references:

1. Female: _____ Name: _____ Address: _____ Build _____

2. Male: _____ Name: _____ Address: _____ Weight _____ Appearance _____

This questionnaire is to be returned to: _____ Would you mind if I went out with him? _____

Wretched American



Good
-MORNING-
-AFTERNOON-
-EVENING-
CHOOSE ONE ONLY

HUAC TRIES GOD

UMass Student Sentenced to Three Days in Northampton

Last Thursday night, Everett Eldorado, a junior at the University, was arrested by state police and charged with trespassing. Mr. Eldorado was alleged to have been found in the campus administration building after the legal closing hour. In a formal statement, Mr. Eldorado claims to have fallen asleep while waiting to pick up a pay check at the cashier's cage. On waking, the confused student found himself locked in. An alert custodian, on finding the trapped student, decided to follow precedent by reading a copy of the picketing code and trespassing law. On completion of the reading he called the state police who arrested the suspect. Mr. Eldorado pleaded insanity before the Northampton court and was sentenced to three days in the Northampton jail in lieu of personal recognition.

—Tom Reilly

WASHINGTON, D.C. (AP) Today God was called before the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC). He was charged with the creation of an international Communist conspiracy, which is known to also include a number of His lesser creations, such as the USSR, Red China, Cuba, Berkeley, and the North Pole. Further, He was accused of creating more of "them" than of us and allowing them to get the Bomb. Guest speaker William F. Buckwheat

went so far as to hold Him accountable for His hippie Son, who advocated equality, peace, and love. The Accused was very stubborn, and even dared to reiterate His belief in peace and love. Contrary to normal procedure, HUAC itself tried the case and found God guilty of conspiracy. God was sentenced to the destruction of Vietnam and was asked to abdicate in favor of Nixon, but had "no comment" for those present.

—Dave Stevens

UMass Campus Bus Hijacked

The third successful campus bus hijacking in two months took place last week much to the embarrassment of University officials.

Two suspicious students boarded the bus at about 10:00 a.m. and forced the driver to take them to Augie's (a local tobacco and newspaper store). On reaching their destination the two hijackers fled, leaving the driver unable to find his way back to his assigned route.

The purpose of the campus bus is to travel at lightning speed around the campus, transporting students to and from classes.

In an effort to curb the current rash of hijackings, University officials and campus police have instituted an elaborate system by which

boarding students are frisked and fingerprinted. It is hoped this new system will reassure students that the campus bus is once again safe to travel and still at a reasonable price.

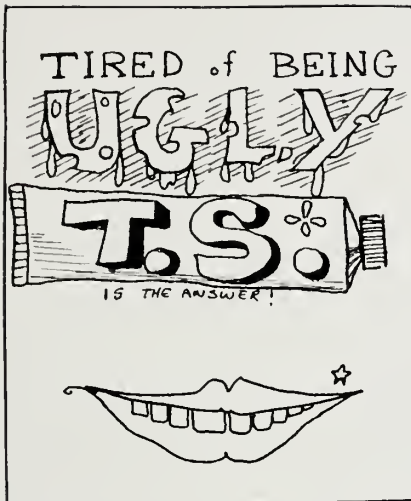
—Tom Reilly

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WHETHER: There will be a 5 in 10
chance of weather yesterday.





NOTICES

PINNINGS

Gertie and Floyd

ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Frick

MARRIAGES

*see last week's "pinnings"

LOST

(send map) Box 111, Sunderland, Mass.

DO IT NOW! Details next issue.

DO NOT USE the water in the basement of Bartlett Hall. Be forewarned.

APATHY CLUB MEETING

You may already be a member.

SCI-FI CLUB

Meets Wed. to determine future plans for four-dimensional figure we built last Wed. 9:00 outside S.U.

ANYONE WISHING TO form a club to bring down the U. S. monetary system, relieve the American peasant of his capitalistic overseers, and make a few dollars at home, meet in F lot at 7:30 Thurs.

INVESTIGATING SERVICE FOR paranoiacs only. Stop those fiends forever. 673-9101.

You are cordially invited to that well known place of eternal punishment.

WANTED

Discreet couple to share in orgies, ex-lax parties, flavor-straw fetishes, hair-watchings and the like. 779-3827

HARRY'S MEN'S ROOM needs help MWF 1:25.

FLUID RELATIONSHIP WANTED: serious inquiries may call Rosie 599-8000.

TOO MANY OLD friends... Will trade mine for yours or something of equal value. 517-0737.

WANT TO BE A CAMPUS POLICEMAN?

Clip out and send coupon today! No experience necessary! Step right into an ego-inflating career.

You bet I want to be a cop out at UMass.

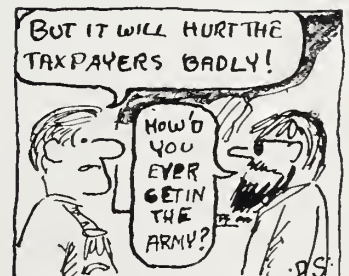
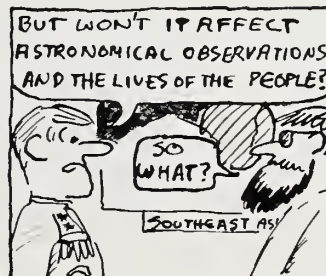
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

BUY THIS



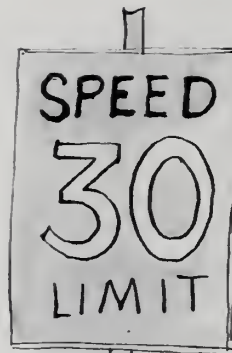
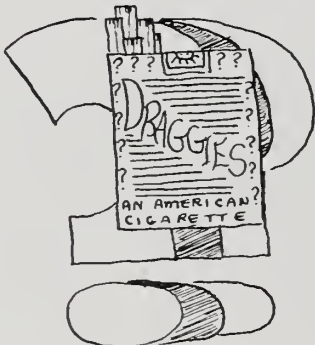


HE CAN SEE! AND SO CAN YOU,
AT **DON CALL'S**-AMHERST'S
FIRST OPTICIAN! 56 MAIN ST.



SMOKING TOO MUCH?

SMOKE **DRAGGIES** INSTEAD
OF CIGARETTES. NEW TOBACCO
DISCOVERY SLOWS YOU DOWN
SO THAT AFTER 4-5 PUFFS
YOU SIMPLY FORGET WHERE
THE REST OF THE PACK IS.



... 28, 29, ...



CAREER OPPORTUNITY

BE ANOTHER MANAGER OF A NEAT, GROOVY
PSYCHEDELIC HEAD SHOP

A FAMOUS NATION-WIDE CHAIN OF HEAD
SHOPS IS OPENING 9 NEW STORES IN THIS
AREA! MANAGERS ARE NEEDED DESPERATELY.

NATIONAL
HANDY-DANDY
HEAD SHOPS
INCORPORATED



CUSTOM MADE

SANDALS

3 YEAR GUARANTEE
THE **LEATHER SHED**



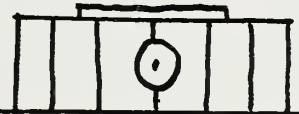
THE
ONE
AND
ONLY,
WORLD
FAMOUS,
COLOS-
SAL
(AND
AMAZING)

**Amherst
Tower**

11 SOUTH PLEASANT ST.



"Hey, you're all right!"



**FED
GUARD**

WITH
ANTI-FEDAMINE
NEW MIRACLE
FED REPELLANT
RESTORES HIGH
LIKE NEW!

(Continued from page 7)

Secondly, the low intermarriage rate of Negroes and Whites in the South, due to the untiring, eagle-eyed vigilance of White Citizens Councils and the Klan, has kept the average Southern Negro's skin a very dark color. This dark-skin feature makes him especially suited for the guerrilla-type combat which must be waged, oftentimes at night, against the Vietnamese Communists. And besides being effective militarily, this natural camouflage of the Southern Negro will make unnecessary our Pentagon's present vast expenditures for GREASEPAINT and CHARCOAL; so that the millions of dollars saved by not purchasing these items can be used more judiciously to finance construction of our future anti-ballistic missile sites in Montana and North Dakota, and in numerous other places which President NIXON will no doubt authorize, once he has successfully pushed through the Congress his mandate for a "limited" ABM system.

Thirdly, the deployment of a million Negroes in an escalated effort to ANNIHILATE all the Communists in North Vietnam, thereby swiftly

ending the war without further need of negotiations in Paris, will serve to check significantly the current rapid growth of the Negro population in our country. For, as any true American knows, a Negro cannot make love while he is making war or when he is wounded or dead. And, since it is conceivable that nearly all of these Negro invasion-troopers could be either killed, or wounded, or stationed in various parts of Vietnam as a post-war occupation force; we may soon observe, temporarily at least, a welcome decline in the Negro birth rate.

But regardless of whether my proposition to end the war is adopted, it is blatantly evident that the United States cannot remain strong as a nation and persist in its fight against Communist encroachment if those factions which oppose the Vietnam war continue to swell in numbers. For it should be carefully noted that those who protest against the war are most frequently among the FIRST to oppose ALL mainstays of our culture which seem to contribute most to the moral, upstanding American way of life; particularly: our huge well-

trained Army, and its provisions for conscripting able defenders of our country; our immense industrial power, derived from a shrewd system of capitalism; the use of capital punishment to get rid of enemies to society; censorship of pornography and smut; laws prohibiting sexual aberrations; statutes forbidding usage of dangerous drugs; faith in Almighty God; and pride in our superior Caucasian race. Thus, the ranks of those dissenting against the war are absorbing not only repulsive Maoists, Marxists, and pacifists, but also draft-dodgers, draft-card burners, rapists, murderers, pornographers, beatniks, hippies, panhandlers, nudists, Sexual Freedom Leaguers, whores, abortionists, sodomites, homosexuals, transvestites, Black Nationalists, Third World Liberators, pot-heads, acid-heads, junkies, anarchists, existentialists, atheists, and masturbators.

The opprobrious efforts of the war protesters are being witnessed across the country, as their REBELLION gathers momentum. Recruiters for the Central Intelligence Agency; numerous weapons-producing companies, such as DOW and COLT; and the various Armed Forces have been harassed and even imprisoned by unruly students on a number of college campuses. In several cities demonstrators have attempted to close down military induction centers by blockading the entrances with their bodies. And it seems that any high Government official who supports the Vietnam war cannot appear in public without being mobbed by hordes of dirty, long-haired anti-war picketers screaming obscenities and insults. Even former President JOHNSON, after attending the funeral rites for much-revered Cardinal SPELLMAN two years ago, dared not confront the hundreds of protesters who were waiting to curse and slander him in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral; instead he was forced to leave the church secretly



**WE'LL MAKE THESE GODDAMNED
PEOPLE FREE WHETHER THEY LIKE IT
OR NOT!!!**



through a rear door. In the eyes of loyal Americans this is a national disgrace, for the President of the United States is certainly no THIEF or MURDERER who must slink stealthily about to avoid detection by the law.

The war protest movement is made even MORE odious by the fact that those who protest are more often than not the YOUTH of our nation — those who are most capable of defending America from her foes. I shudder to predict what horrors will befall this country if these wayward protesters are permitted to influence larger numbers of other young people with their DEADLY SEEDS of DISSENT.

First, the United States will decline as the world's leading military power, as increasing numbers of young men refuse to serve in the Army and as our many thousands of soldiers overseas, their morale destroyed by upsurges of ugly protest at home, begin to lay down their weapons and desert their posts.

A similar decline will occur with regard to our industrial power, as young people gradually become more preoccupied with drugs, weird music, orgies, and the like; and less concerned about computerization, assembly-line production, commercialization of holidays, consumer-swindling, and other essential features of modern business enterprise.

As the multitudes of protesters increase, there will no longer be sufficient numbers of police and National Guardsmen to maintain TOTAL ORDER, and RIOTS more serious than those caused by the Negro ghetto-dwellers will break out all over the country. Soon our state and Federal penitentiaries will overflow with HORDES of subversive rabble-rousers, so that it will become necessary to ship TRAINLOADS of surplus prisoners to our old concentration camps in Pennsylvania, Arizona, and California. I might add



" THE GODS ARE ANGRY AGAIN "

that the costs of renovating and maintaining these camps, which have been allowed to fall into shameful disrepair since World War Two when they housed over a hundred thousand suspected Japanese TRAITORS, would be unmercifully harsh to our honest, hard-working taxpayers.

As traditional prudent sexual mores are discarded, such FOUL diseases as syphilis, gonorrhea, and Phthirus pubis will overrun the country in EPIDEMIC proportions.

As interest in personal appearance declines, our nation's barbers and tailors will go MAD or be forced to seek other work to sustain themselves; as will the manufacturers of soaps, razors, combs, brushes, neckties, toothpastes, wigs, toupees, lip-

sticks, powders, rouges, dyes, bleaches, starches, flatirons, girdles, and hundreds of other items essential to our nation's economy.

As faith in Almighty God disappears, our ministers will preach to empty pews, save for war veterans, policemen, politicians, eunuchs, invalids, and the senile.

And finally, when our last few moralists and red-blooded patriots can no longer exert influence over the chaos about them and America has become as defenseless as a newborn lamb, the wicked Communists will sweep unhindered over the land and crush the one remaining hope for the preservation of freedom in the world.

(Continued on next page)



"Hell, look what the cat did on my book!"

(Continued from page 21)

Thus, the current mounting **REBELLION** against the Government must be **QUELLED** firmly and completely. To that end I have compiled a series of proposals which, if acted upon immediately, may be effective in creating **UNITY** within the American populace and promoting **CONFIDENCE** in the Government, thereby strengthening the nation as a whole.

First, I recommend that all those war protesters, both male and female, who choose to obstruct the vital operations of draft boards, military induction centers, and recruiters for the Armed Forces and corporations producing war materiel, be shipped immediately to Vietnam and used as latrine-diggers, stretcher-bearers, or simply as decoy-targets for the enemy. Since interference with our nation's defense system may be justifiably construed as one form of **TREASON**, those obstructors who are apprehended should regard themselves as fortunate that, instead of being executed outright, they are being offered a chance to serve our country in an honorable, constructive way. (I admit that I cannot take full credit for this proposal myself,

for in effect a similar recommendation was made some time ago by our venerable General **HERSHEY**, who has courageously headed the Selective Service through two major wars prior to the current Vietnam conflict.)

Secondly, I propose that the Government revise its laws regarding illegal usage of those drugs which are most popular among the more subversive groups in the country. If possession of such harmful drugs as marijuana, LSD, opium, and their derivatives were made a **CAPITAL OFFENSE**, I feel assured that the **MORAL FIBER** of much of today's rebellious youth would be vastly improved. I would expect a similar moral improvement to occur if **STIFFER PENALTIES** were imposed for the various acts of sexual deviance which encourage unwholesome attitudes in the minds of young people — among these acts being homosexuality, lesbianism, prostitution, premarital intercourse, and French-kissing. If nothing else, these stricter rules regarding drug usage and sexual perversion would **DISCOURAGE** youth from becoming susceptible to radical unsanctioned practices.

Thirdly, I urge the administrators of the various educational institutions, particularly the colleges and universities, to conduct a thorough re-evaluation of their curricula, faculty members, library resources, and extracurricular organizations in order to ascertain whether their students are receiving a sound, proper education. For it is well known among the more knowledgeable educators that the schools today, especially the universities at Berkeley, San Francisco, and Morningside Heights, are becoming veritable bastions for those radical subversive cadres (loyal only to the evil Communists) whose members would misguide impressionable youth into challenging the worthy precepts of parents, Government, and the American society as a whole. The numbers of those who would endanger the American nation can be tremendously reduced if the schools will not shirk their responsibility of



"WE'LL HAVE 2 LARGE
PIZZAS WITH
EVERYTHING"

at the ~
Hungry-U

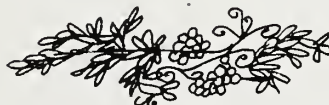
103 N. PLEASANT ST.

educating the young in the correct ways of thought and behavior; that is, to instill in them good manners, a sense of discipline, respect for authority, a loyalty to country, a reverence for God, and eagerness to compete with their peers for wealth and social status. It is the DUTY of the teachers in the schools to show their students the evils of such reprobates as MARX, MAO, TIMOTHY LEARY, STOKELY CARMICHAEL, THE BEATLES, NORMAN THOMAS, MARTIN LUTHER KING, EUGENE MCCARTHY, Lord BERTRAND RUSSELL, et al. (the list is endless); and conversely, to encourage their students to emulate such champions of American ideals as J. EDGAR HOOVER, W. W. ROSTOW, DR. BILLY GRAHAM, WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, GEORGE WALLACE, ROBERT WELCH, Governor REAGAN, Mayor DALEY, Secretary LAIRD, and assuredly our gracious President NIXON. For the youth cannot be expected to perceive the good and the true automatically; those who are older and wiser must teach them the virtues of the American way.

If these proposals are put into effect, I am confident that America will gain even greater prestige among the other nations of the world. I further believe that all Communists will be made to realize the senselessness of attempting to conquer the world while such a strong democratic nation as America stands valiantly to oppose them. ■



Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With Cannabis Sativa plants,
All in a row.

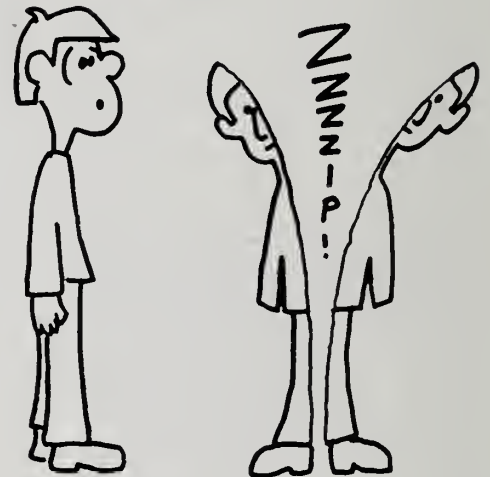
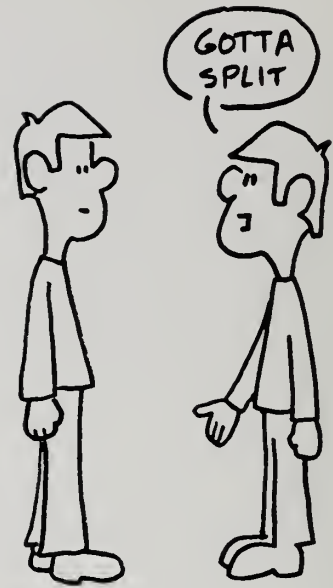


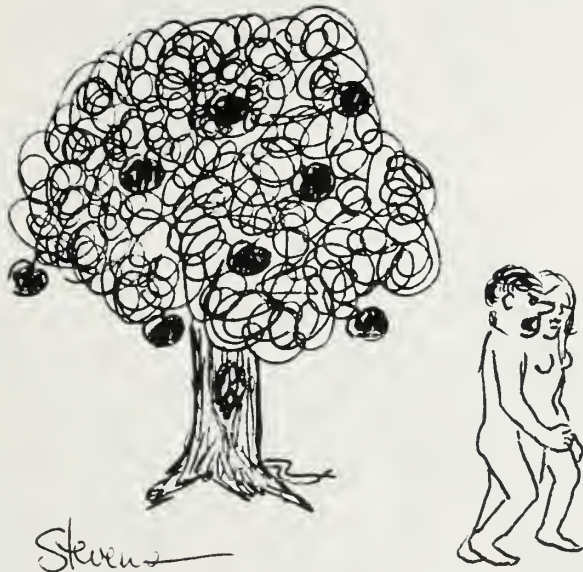
Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had wife, but couldn't...
(it was illegal!)





WELL, YOU SEE, MAN, I HAVE THIS
FEELING OF EUPHORIA - IT'S LIKE
TWO UNIVERSES COMING TOGETHER
IN A BED OF FLUORESCENT FLOWERS,
KINGLING WITH MY MIND. NO, MAN,
HEXCEDRIN DOESN'T RELIEVE ANY
PAIN; IT JUST BRINGS ME DOWN: HOW-
EVER, IF I TAKE MORE THAN THREE...





OKAY - SO WE DON'T EAT THE
APPLE - BUT TEN TO ONE HE GOES
AND TELLS EVERYONE THAT WE DID!

(Continued from page 13)

that the lads would need names and so he said unto them, "Henceforth you will be named after Mine saints. Thou, of drooped eyes, thou art Paul. Thou, of horse-like jaw, thou art George. Thou, of sharpened tongue, thou art John." And the Lord did exhaust His fund of biblical names and did call the one of bulbous nose, Ringo.

And the lads did understand the Lord and said unto Him in most devout tone, "Yea, yea, yea."

And it came to pass that the four sturdy lads, known together as the Beatles, became very famous, for the Lord had said, "Woe unto those who take unto them other idols, than those of the Beatles (and a clap of thunder and a flash of lightning did follow fast on His words)."

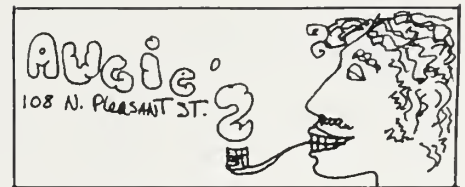
And the four lads did sing and move as the Lord commanded and their followers begat other followers and all did swoon at their very counte-

nances. And Brian of Epstein and his four sturdy lads collected many shekels with which they did better their lot.

And the Lord looked down upon the earth and saw that it was good. And He did desire but one more thing of Brian so He spoke to him saying, "Build thee a giant bandstand, Brian, for I am going to flood the earth with sound for many a day. And fill ye this stand with all the new sturdy lads so that they may continue the race."

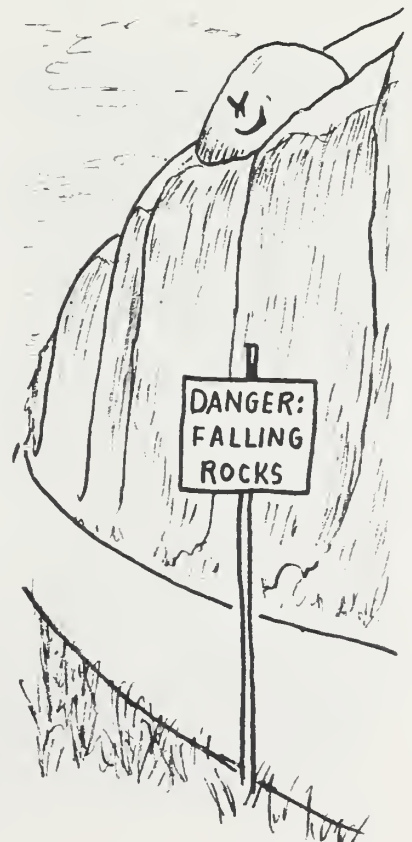
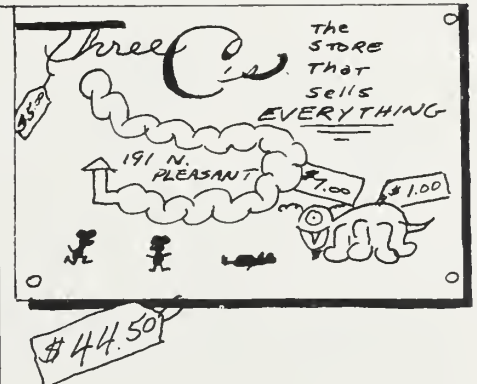
And Brian of Epstein did understand the Lord and it came to pass that the bandstand did fill before many a day had ended. And the Animals did come, bringing with them the Turtles, and all the Byrds. And the Monkees did come and the Lord was reminded of His younger days. And the Lord looked down upon the earth and saw that He had started something.

—Mike Greenblatt

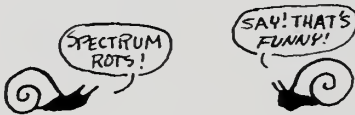


Have you heard about the absent-minded professor who kissed the streetcar, jumped on his wife, and went to town?

* * *




Fill All
YOUR PAPER
NEEDS AT...
A.J. HASTINGS, INC.
 STATIONERY, ETC.
 45 S. Pleasant St., Amherst!



SPECTRUM STRIKES BACK AT APATHY



READ IT

Protester: Up yours, Nixon!
 Nixon: I wasn't aware that I had one.
 Protester: What do you call Spiro?

* * *



Do they make false eyes out of glass?

Certainly, how else would you see through them?

* * *

The romantic young man sat on the park bench with a first date. He was certain his charming words and manner would win her as they had so many others.

"Some moon out tonight," he cooed.

"There certainly is," she agreed.

"Some really bright stars in the sky." She nodded.

"Some dew on the grass."

"SOME do," she said indignantly, "but I'M not that sort!"

* * *

DEFECT: there is no alternative.

* * *



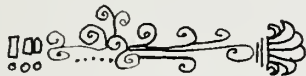


It was quite a swanky bar in the best part of town. The new arrival ordered a bottle of beer. Paying with a dollar bill, he was surprised when the young bartender gave him ninety cents change. When questioned about it, the bartender said that a dime was all he was charging.

The customer being rather hungry, and pleased with the apparent low prices of the place, ordered a ham and cheese sandwich on rye. "That'll be fifteen cents," said the barkeep. The customer's eyes widened — "I can't understand it. How can you sell stuff so low?" he asked.

"Listen, buddy," said the bartender, "I just work here. I'm not the boss. He's upstairs with my wife and I'm doing the same thing to him down here."

* * *



Danny: "I was a 90-pound weakling and whenever I went to the beach, a 220-pound bully kicked sand in my face. So I took this course I read about and sure enough, in a little while I weighed 220 pounds."

Mike: "Then what?"

Danny: "I went to the beach and a 440-pound bully kicked sand in my face."

* * *



She: "Do you think this skirt is too short?"

He: "Either that or you got into it too far."

* * *



He: "You're one in a million."

She: "So are your chances."

* * *

APATHY

Exclusive Article



Chicken Little ran about crying "The sky is falling! The sky is falling!" until she met a hippie who replied, "No, the Earth is rising."

* * *

College shoe repair

IN Amherst
— 41 N. PLEASANT ST. —
"Faster Service"

Quit while you're a head.

* * *



I dreamed I went to Ireland in my Erin Go Bragh.

* * *

(Continued on next page)



APATHY

(Continued from page 27)



CBS — Censored B*ll Sh*t
 USAF — U.S. Armed Farces
 FBI — Federal Bureaucracy, Inc.
 CIA — Collective Insecurity Agency
 KKK — Kill! Kill! Kill!
 USA — Undefined Schizophrenic Abnormality
 ICBM — International Communication Between Men
 ABM — Asinine Bureaucratic Move
 SDS — Stop Da System!



AMHERST, MASS. (YaP) The ABM system was a household joke in Amherst until last week, when some alert residents realized that we could very well have our own ABM installation to protect the top secret Eastern U.S. missile control center hidden deep inside Mt. Hitchcock. Paranoia strikes!

PUT THE "TRUST"
 BACK IN "TRUSTEES"



Today (May 1) and the coming week is the best time to plant, so don't wait much longer. There should be an excellent harvest this year, which just might hit the Mob where it hurts. Maybe you can succeed where the FBI has consistently failed.

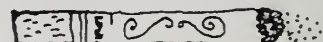
General Hershey always wanted to be a draftsman.

* * *

"Election" is a dirty word in Japan!



The editor of this rag has been quoted as saying: "I will go anywhere, at any time, to gain a just and honorable piece!"



There once was a girl from Madrid
 Twas amazing the things that she did
 She took 50 pills
 To cure all her ills,
 And gave birth to a fluorescent kid.



I once knew a lecherous duck
 Who swam round and round in the muck
 He'd sit like a fool
 At the edge of the pool
 And watch all the students study.



A friend oft referred to as "Runt"
 Had a nose that was terribly blunt
 But with it he'd sniff
 And track down the whiff
 He'd had of his favorite girl's cologne.



It may not be great, but it's the only mind you've got — so don't blow it.

* * *

Peas porridge hot,
 Peas porridge cold,
 Peas porridge in the commons,
 Nine days old.

* * *

Knock, knock!
 Who's there?
 Police!
 Police who?

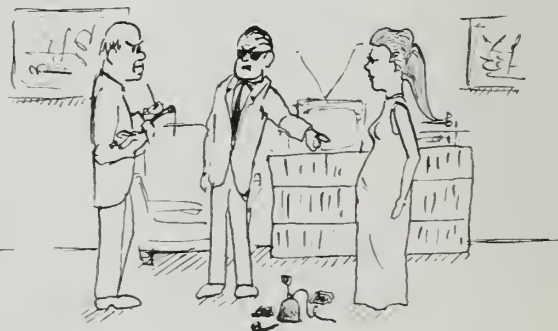
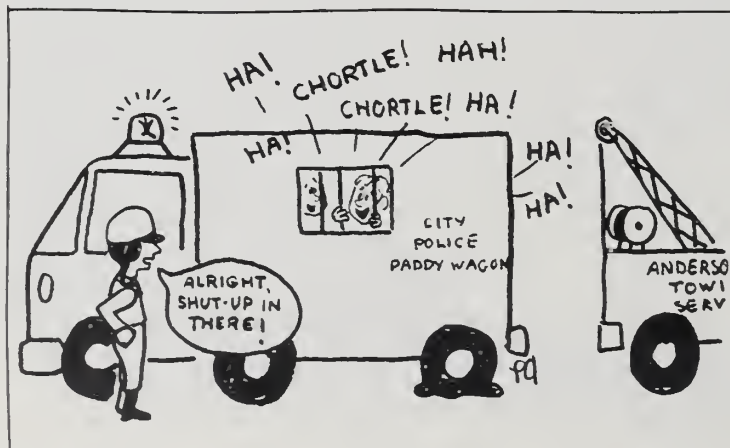
(hyuk, hyuk, hyuk!)

* * *

It's all in the mind, you know...

* * *

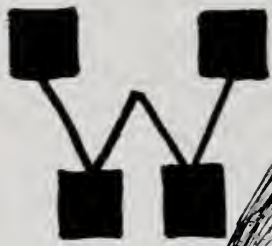
A bust is no longer an anatomical wonder — now, it's a legalistic blunder.



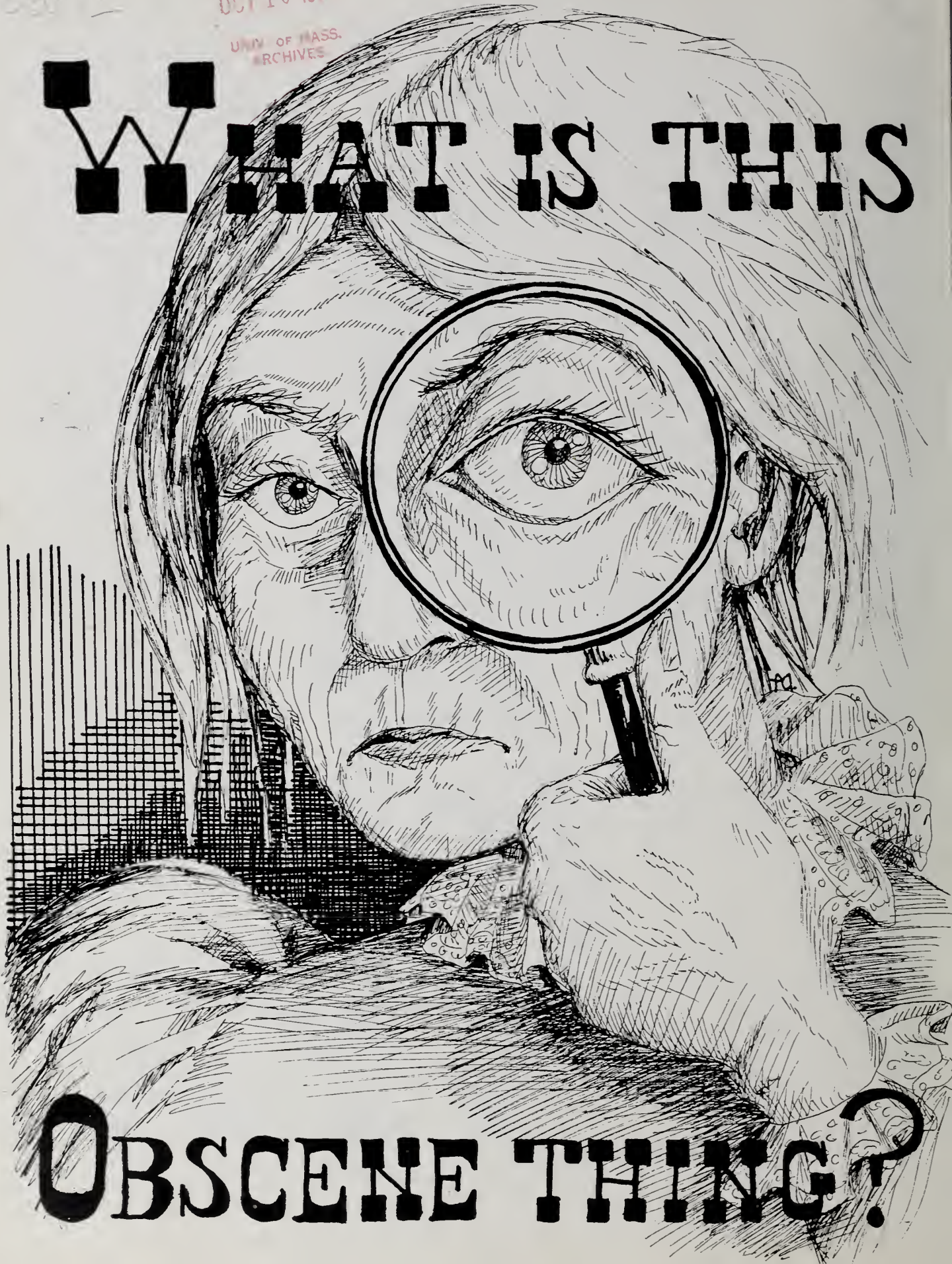


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WHAT IS THIS



OBSCENE THING?